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THE VAULT OF HORROR®

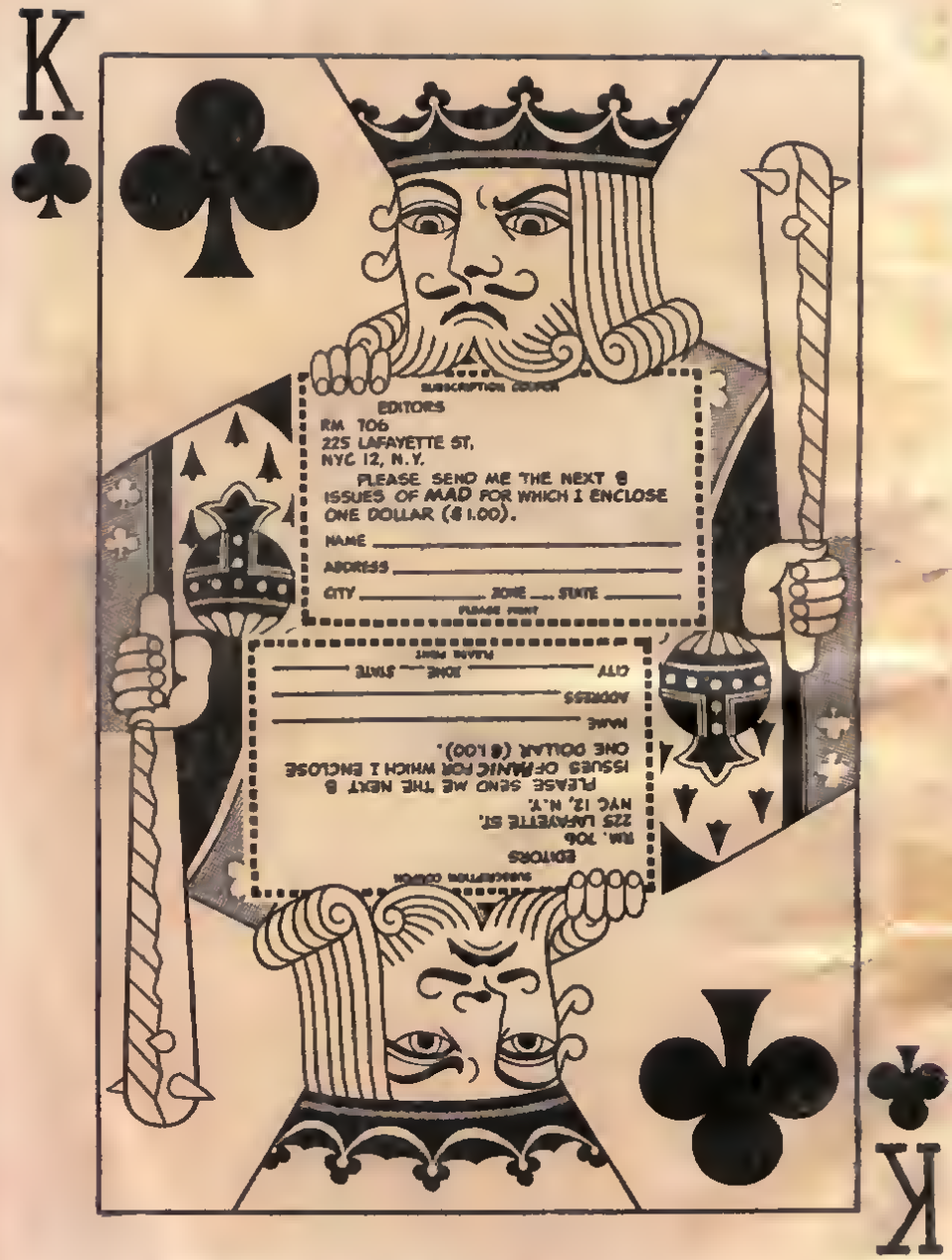
HORROR

FEATURING..

THE OLD WITCH

THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE CRYPT-KEEPER



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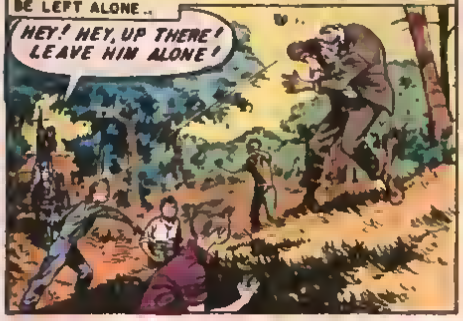
THE VAULT OF HORROR!®

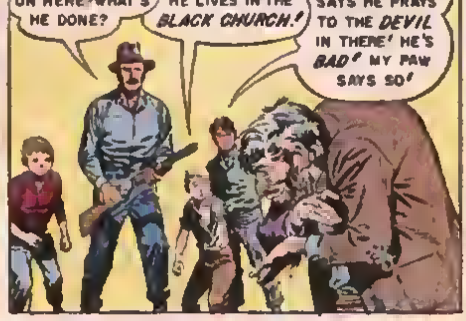
HEH, HEH! WELL, HERE WE ARE, ALL SET TO GO AGAIN! THIS IS YOUR *VAULT-KEEPER* USHERING YOU INTO THIS *PARADISE OF PERIL*, THIS *INN OF INIQUITY*. THIS *DEN OF DEVIL-WORSHIP*. IN SHORT, *THE VAULT OF HORROR!* YOU KNOW BY NOW, TO COME *PREPARED*, DON'T YOU? DRUSILLA, MY HELP-MATE, HAS BEEN WAITING BREATHLESSLY FOR YOU, SO CURL UP IN A COZY ROT-UPHOLSTERED CASKET, PUSH ASIDE THE MAGGOTY BONES, THE CHUNKS OF DECAYED FLESH AND *RELAX!* TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND GET SET FOR THE CHILL PRODUCING TALE CALLED...

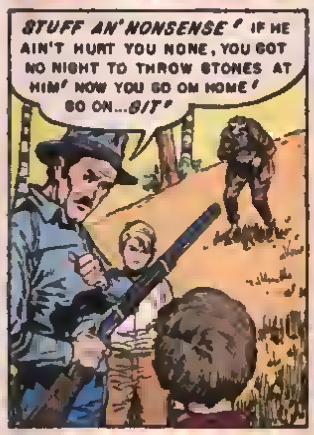
OLD MAN MOSE!

NEO ROGERS REINED IN HIS HORSE AND BROUGHT THE WAGON TO AN ABRUPT HALT. HE GAZED UP AT THE GOLDEN HILLSIDE, AT THE FIGURES HE SAW. THERE WERE SEVERAL BOYS TAUNTING AND STONING WHAT SEEMED TO BE A COWERING OLD MAN WHO PLEADED TO BE LEFT ALONE..



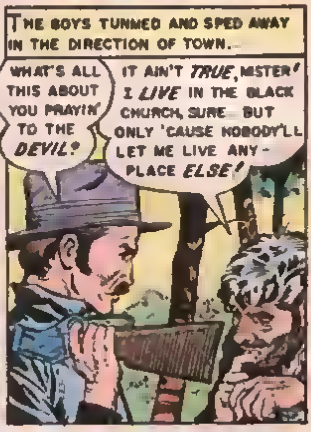
NEO LEAPED TO THE GROUND, HURRIED UP TO THE GROUP WHO NOW STOOD ALMOST COMPLETELY ENCIRCLING THE WHIMPERING, FRIGHTENED OLD MAN...



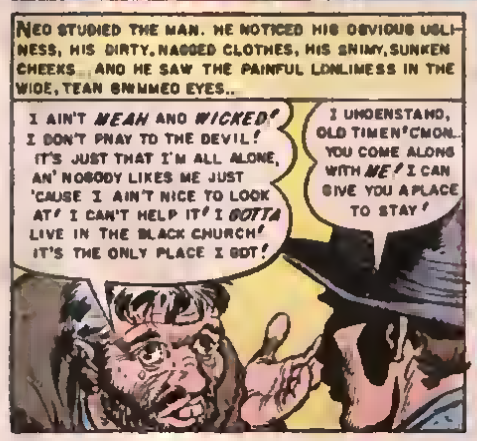


THE BOYS HELD BACK. NED ROGERS TURNED TO THE HUNCHED, LITTLE MAN WHO STILL TREMBLED

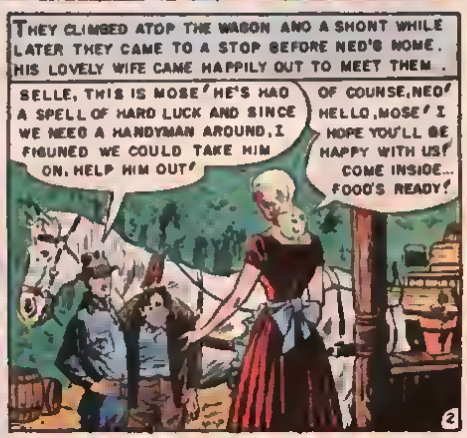
THE BOYS TURNED AND SPED AWAY IN THE DIRECTION OF TOWN.



NEO STUDIED THE MAN. HE NOTICED HIS OBVIOUS UGLINESS, HIS DIRTY, RAGGED CLOTHES, HIS SKINNY, SUNKEN CHEEKS... AND HE SAW THE PAINFUL LONLINESS IN THE WIDE, TEAR BRIMMED EYES..



THEY CLIMBED ATOP THE WAGON AND A SHORT WHILE LATER THEY CAME TO A STOP BEFORE NED'S HOME. HIS LOVELY WIFE CAME HAPPILY OUT TO MEET THEM.



OLD MOSE SLIPPED INTO THE ROGERS' WAY OF LIFE AS IF HE WERE ONE OF THE FAMILY. HE WORKED HARD, IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE... AND SOMETIMES...
YES, MOSE? WHAT IS IT?
MRS... MRS ROGERS ...THIS IS FOR YOU, I.. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE IT'
FLOWERS! FOR ME? WHY, MOSE ..THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL'
YOU. .YOU AND MR ROGERS HAVE BEEN SO GOOD TO ME AND ALL . I MEAN... I NEVER BEEN TREATED NICE BY ANYONE BEFORE' YOU MAKE ME FEEL SO GOOD INSIDE..
WHY, MOSE' HOW SWEET OF YOU'
IT'S THE TRUTH' I FEEL LIKE I BEEN REBORN' LIKE SEEIN' THE SUN AFTER A HEAVY RAIN! I'M SO HAPPY ..
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, NOT HAVIN' ANYONE . NOT EVEN AN ENEMY TO TALK TO' IT'S AWFUL .. JUST PLAIN AWFUL' SO MANY TIMES I WISHED I'D DIE, 'CAUSE I FELT SO DOWNRIGHT MISERABLE'
... BUT YOU AND MR ROGERS CHANGED ALL THAT . AN' I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU BOTH' I LOVE YOU LIKE YOU WERE MY OWN FLESH AN' BLOOD'
THANK YOU, MOSE. I THINK THAT'S THE NICEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD'
OLD MOSE LOWERED HIS HEAD. HE BRUSHED A GRIMY PAW BRUFFLY ACROSS HIS FACE TO WIPE THE TEARS... THEN HE TURNED AND WALKED OFF TO FINISH HIS CHORES...
HE'S SUCH A NICE OLD MAN...
YES.. A NICE OLD MAN
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IT WAS NECESSARY FOR NEO TO GO TO TOWN. JUST BEFORE STARTING HOMEWARD AGAIN, HE ENTERED THE GENERAL STORE TO BUY SUPPLIES. A BUSY MURMURING BEGAN AS HE STRODE TO THE COUNTER...
YES, SIR? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
MY NAME IS ROGERS. NEO ROGERS. I'M NEW AROUND THESE PARTS. JUST GOT ME A PLACE UP THE MOUNTAIN. IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE YOU TO FILL THIS ORDER'

THE CLERK SET ABOUT FILLING THE ORDER AS REO STOOD WAITING, FEELING VAGUELY UNCOMFORTABLE, KNOWING HE WAS THE SUBJECT OF THE WHISPERS. SUDDERLY, SOMEONE STEPPED UP BEHIND HIM, TAPPED HIS SHOULDER
OH! HOWDY! MY NAME'S ROGERS ..
I'M JIM HARNIBAL. ME AN' THE BOYS WERE JUST TALKING, SEEIN' AS HOW YOU'RE NEW 'ROUND HERE, WE THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO BE TOLD ABOUT OLD MOSE'
ABOUT MOSE' TELL ME WHAT'
WELL, WE HEAR TELL YOU GOT HIM 'ROUND YOUR PLACE, WORKIN' ! HE'S A BAD ONE, ROGERS! YOU OUGHTA BE CAREFUL ! WHY, HE TALKS TO THE DEVIL, EVEN!
OH, THAT' WHY, I THOUGHT THAT WAS JUST A LOT OF BOY'S TALK' ALL ABOUT A BLACK CHURCH!
THAT'S RIGHT! YEARS AGO, PEOPLE USED TO WORSHIP IN THAT PLACE' THEY CALLED ON THE DEVIL. THEY EVEN SACRIFICED PEOPLE!
NOW, I AIN'T JUST SPOUTIN' TO HEAR MYSELF! OLD MOSE'S GREAT GRANDDAD WAS ONE OF THE BIG LEADERS OF THAT PLACE! WHY, THEY HAD ALL SORTS OF EVILS! YOU ASK ANYONE!
THAT'S SO, ROGERS!
BY JIMMIRY, ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS LOOK AT OLD MOSE AN' YOU CAN SEE EVIL WRITTEN ALL OVER HIM! WHY, WE ALMOST STRUNG HIM UP ONCE, BUT THE LAW STEPPED IN, BROKE IT UP!
WELL, I APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS IN TELLING ME ALL THIS, BUT MOSE HAS BEEN JUST FINE ABOUT EVERYTHING. I'LL JUDGE HIM ON HOW HE ACTS WITH ME'
SURE, MOSE IS QUIET' TOWNSFOLK WOULDN'T LET HIM COME NEAR, THAT'S WHY THERE AIN'T BEEN NO TROUBLE LATELY! BUT YOU BE CAREFUL, MR. ROGERS' ONE O' THESE DAYS HE'S LIABLE TO BUST LOOSE!
AS HE STARTED HOMEWARD, ANGER SMOULDERED IN REO'S HEART AT THE SUPERSTITIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE WHO HAD SO UNJUSTLY WRONGED OLD MOSE'
SUCH NONSENSE! JUST 'CAUSE HIS GREAT GRANDDAD, PSHAW! BETTER GET HOME' LOOKS LIKE RAIN'

THE DOWNPOUR HAD BEGUN WHEN NED FINALLY REACHED HOME..
NED! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WE EXPECTED YOU LONG AGO!
ANYTHING WRONG, MR. ROGERS?
SORRY I'M LATE! I WAS TRYING TO BEAT THE RAIN, BUT I HIT A RUT THAT JOLTED MY RIFLE OFF THE WAGON! IT MUST HAVE STRUCK A ROCK. THE STOCK'S SPLIT! HAVE TO GET A NEW ONE!
SURE IS A SHAME! A MAN NEEDS HIS RIFLE IN THESE PARTS!
WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT NOW, DEAR! COME ON...SUPPER'S READY!
THAT NIGHT IN BED, REO TOSSED AND TURNED RESTLESSLY, HIS MIND FILLED WITH THE THINGS THE TOWNSFOLK SAID.
BLAST IT! ALL THOSE WORDS KEEP ON AGITATING...KEEPING ME AWAKE! I KNOW MOSE ISN'T WICKED! STILL...HE MIGHT HAVE A GRUDGE AGAINST EVERYBODY
PSHAW! WHAT AM I THINKING! ALL CRAZY THOUGHTS! MOSE IS WHAT'S THAT?
A NOISE! SOMEONE'S FOOLIN' WITH THE BACK DOOR!
HURRIEDLY, HE ROSE AND DONNED HIS ROBE. STEALTHILY HE PEERED OVER THE BANNISTER...SOMEONE WAS THERE!
IT'S MOSE! DAB BLAST IT! WHAT'S HE BEEN DOIN' OUT THIS TIME O' NIGHT?
MOSE! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?
WHA...? OH...MR. ROGERS! YOU.. YOU SURPRISED ME! I...I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU. I'M SORRY, I...I WAS JUST OUT...FOR A WALK! YES! JUST A WALK!
I'M...I'M REALLY SORRY IF I DISTURBED YOU, MR. ROGERS! I DIDN'T MEAN TO! WELL WELL, I'LL GO TO BED NOW! GOOD NIGHT, MR. ROGERS!
EH? OH GOOD NIGHT, MOSE...
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THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, NED ROGERS HAD TO GO INTO TOWN. HE ARRIVED AT THE GENERAL STORE TO BE GREETED BY UNUSUAL EXCITEMENT..
THERE HE IS!
YEAH! ASK HIM! HE'LL KNOW!
ROGERS! IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE GOT THINGS TO TALK ABOUT!
OH? WELL... OF COURSE! ER. WHAT IS IT?
MURDER, THAT'S WHAT! THERE'S BEEN A KILLIN'! THE SHERIFF JUST FOUND SILAS KEENE'S BODY DOWN NEAR THE CREEK! WE FIGURE YOU MIGHT KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!
ME!? WHY... WHY, SURELY YOU DON'T THINK THAT I...
NO, WE DON'T FIGURE YOU HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT, BUT THE KILLIN' WAS DONE WITH A KNIFE! AND THE THROAT WAS CUT JUST LIKE THEY USED TO WHEN THEY SACRIFICED PEOPLE IN THAT DEVIL'S PLACE! WE AIN'T FOUND THE KNIFE, BUT WE GOT A GOOD IDEA WHO HAS IT!
OLD-TIMERS HEREABOUTS KNOW HOW THEY USED TO USE THE KNIFE! THIS WAS DONE THE SAME WAY! NOW WE WANT TO KNOW ABOUT MOSE!
MOSE!?
SURE! YOU WANT THE KILLER CAUGHT, DON'T YOU? YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN GIVE OLD MOSE AN ALIBI! AND IF YOU CAN'T... WE'RE GONNA LYNCH HIM!
WHAT?! LYNCH HIM? BUT... BUT YOU'RE NOT CERTAIN...
WE'RE CERTAIN ENOUGH! WE GOT ALL THE PROOF WE NEED! WE JUST WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY THE WORD TO CLINCH IT?
YEAH! JUST SAY YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS LAST NIGHT.. AND WE'LL STRING HIM UP!
BEADS OF SWEAT COVERED NED ROGERS' FOREHEAD! HIS MIND WHIRLED AND SPUN IN A FRENZY OF CONSCIENCE, DUTY, JUSTICE AND SAFETY! THEY PRESSED FORWARD EAGERLY, WAITING FOR HIS ANSWER.. WAITING...
WELL, ROGERS?! WHAT IS IT?! STOP STALLING!
YEAH! C'MON! ANSWER!
OLD MOSE. OLD MOSE WAS WORKIN' RIGHT WITH ME. ALL NIGHT!
6

THE CROWD SUDDENLY DREW BACK. HE SAW THEIR SURPRISED, DISAPPOINTED FACES AND, OFFERING FEEBLE APOLOGIES AND EXCUSES, HE BACKED FROM THE STORE THE AIR CLEARED HIS MUDDLED THOUGHTS SOMEWHAT AS HE LEAPED ORTO THE WAGON AND STARTED HOME ..

WHY DID I *LIE*? WHY DIDN'T I TELL THEM THE *TRUTH* THAT MOSE WAS *OUT* LAST NIGHT—*KILLING*!

NO, RD' MOSE *COULDN'T* HAVE DORE IT' HE ... HE JUST *WOULDN'T*' BUT HE DID LOOK *GUILTY*' MAYBE... MAYBE THE TOWNSFOLK ARE *RIGHT*'

SURE' HE HATED PEOPLE FOR THE WAY THEY TREATED HIM! HE WANTS *REVENGE*! HE'D KILL *ANYBODY*' AND— *AND BELLE'S ALL ALONE WITH HIM*'

HIS WHIP CRACKED SHARPLY AND THE STALLION BURST FORWARD INTO A STEADY, FRANTIC GALLOP'

HE *WOULDN'T* HURT HER' HE JUST COULDN'T' *I'D KILL HIM*' HE— HE... GIDDAP!

BEFORE THE ROLLICKING WAGON CAME TO A FULL STOP, NED WAS ON THE PORCH, RACING INTO THE HOUSE

BELLE?! BELLE' WHERE ARE YOU?? BELLE'

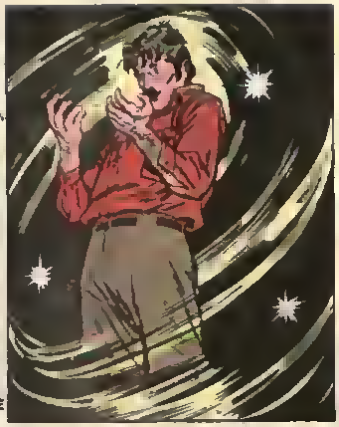
HIS MIND SAW THE SIGNS OF BATTLE, AS HE RUSHED FROM ROOM TO ROOM, GROWING MORE PANICKY EACH MINUTE! SUDDENLY

BELLE!

HE CROUCHED OVER HER STILL FORM, SHOCKED, FRIGHTERED AND BLAZING MAD' AND THEN HE SENSED A MOVEMENT IN THE DOORWAY' HE SAW MOSE STANDING BREATHLESSLY THERE, A WILD LOOK IR HIS EYES' HE SAW THE LONG, DEEP FINGERRAIL SCRATCHES ON HIS FACE, THE BLOOD OR HIS HANDS...

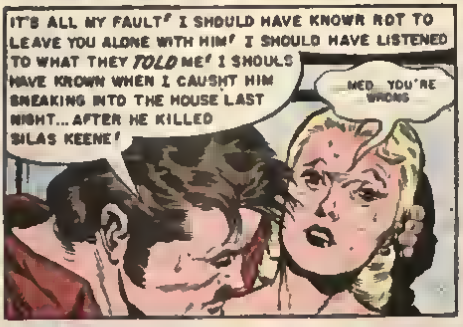
WITH A SNARL OF MANIACAL RAGE, HE HURLED HIMSELF AT THE OLD MAN AND BORE HIM TO THE FLOOR! HIS FISTS WERE HAMMER-LIKE AS HE PUMMELED ARD RIPPED, POUNDED, BLOODIED AND HACKED WITH A VENGEFUL PLEASURE...

TIME SWAM INTERMINABLY, COMPLETELY APART FROM HIS MIND'S CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT FINALLY HIS THOUGHTS NORMALIZED, AND AT ONCE HE FOUND HIMSELF ON HIS FEET, STARING... STARING AT HIS CRIMSON HANDS... AT THE MASS OF OOZING PULP THAT WAS, A FEW MINUTES BEFORE, THE FACE OF OLD MOSE!

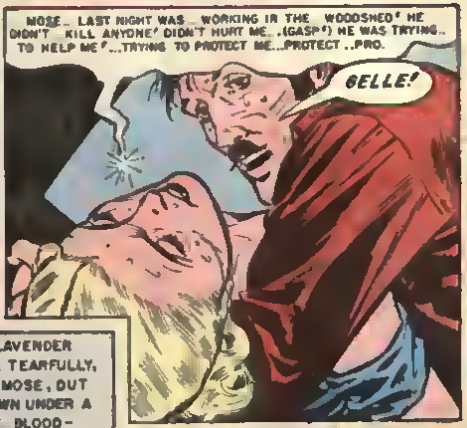


HE HEARD HIS WIFE MOAN. QUICKLY HE WAS BESIDE HER, CARRESSING HER FACE AND HAIR, PLEADING WITH HER TO BE ALL RIGHT. THE RAGE WAS SPENT... IT'S PLACE WAS FILLED WITH A TERRIBLE SORROW, A FRIGHTENING GUILT!

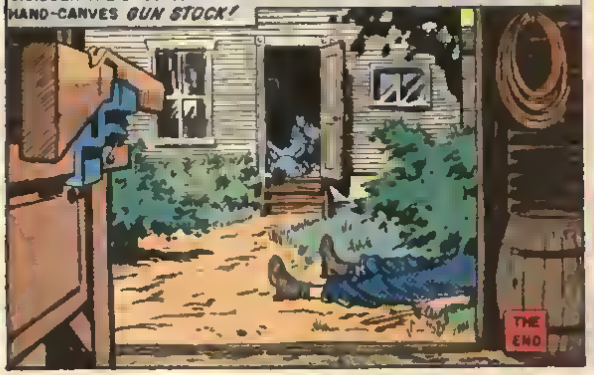
IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BOT TO LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH HIM! I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO WHAT THEY *TOLD* ME! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN WHEN I CAUGHT HIM SNEAKING INTO THE HOUSE LAST NIGHT... AFTER HE KILLED SILAS KEENE!



MOSE... LAST NIGHT WAS... WORKING IN THE WOODSHED! HE DIDN'T KILL ANYONE! DIDN'T HURT ME... (GASP!) HE WAS TRYING... TO HELP ME!... TRYING TO PROTECT ME... PROTECT.. PRO.



HE FELT HIS WIFE'S BODY GO LIMP, WATCHED THE GREYISH-LAVENDER PALLOR SEEP INTO HER FACE AND HE KNEW SHE WAS DEAD. TEARFULLY, PERPLEXED, HE GAZED OVER THE SHATTERED FORM OF OLD MOSE, OUT THROUGH THE DOOR INTO THE SUNLIGHT ACROSS THE LAWN UNDER A BUSH HIS EYES CAUGHT THE PRISON-GREY UNIFORMED BODY. BLOOD-SMEARED... DEAD! AND IN THE CONVICT'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND HE SAW THE LONG, BLOODY KNIFE THAT HE NOW KNEW HAS KILLED SILAS KEENE! THROUGH THE OPEN WOODSHED DOORS HE SAW THE PARTLY-FINISHED, HAND-CARVED *GUN STOCK!*



HEH, HEH! NED LOST HIS HEAD AND PUNCHED MOSE IN THE NOSE! YEP! MOSE WAS MAKING A NEW GUN STOCK FOR MR. ROGERS! HE WANTED NED TO BE SURPRISED! WELL.. NED *WAS* SURPRISED TO FIND HE'D KILLED THE WRONG MAN! ANYWAY, WE HOPE YOU LIKED THIS TALE TAKEN FROM OUR *VAULT OF HORROR STOCK*-PILE! AND IF YOU WONDERED WHAT NED DID FOR A LIVING, IT'S SIMPLE! HE WAS A *STOCK-BROKER!* HEH, HEH! SEE YOU LATER, EH?

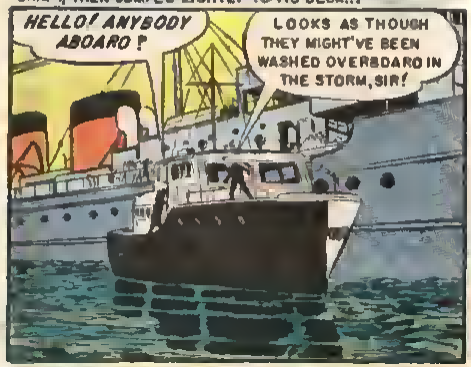
THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! SALUTATIONS, SCARE-SEEKERS! TROT RIGHT INTO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR!* ONCE AGAIN I BID YOU WELCOME TO THE MORBID MORASS OF MAYHEM. JUST LATCH ONTO A LIMP LILLY, CROSS YOUR HANDS ON YOUR CHESTS AND LIE DOWN, WHILE YOUR CRAFTY *CRYPT-KEEPER* ATTEMPTS TO CLOY YOUR BOTTOMLESS BELLIES WITH A STORY FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH BLOODSHED! I'VE NAMED THIS NOXIOUS LITTLE NOVELETTE.

AN HARROW ESCAPE!

THE SEA WAS PLACID NOW, BUT WEED, CHURNED UP FROM THE TORMENTED BOTTOM, LAY ON THE SURFACE, AND BITS OF FLOTSAM DOTTED THE QUIET BLUE WATER, BEARING SILENT WITNESS TO THE SAVAGERY OF THE RECENT STORM. THEY COULD SEE NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE CABIN CRUISER 'SEAWITCH' THAT DRIFTED WITH DEATHLIKE AIMLESSNESS ON THE CALM ATLANTIC...

CAPTAIN GRADY AND LIEUTENANT MORTON WAITED UNTIL THEIR COASTGUARD CUTTER SIDLED UP TO THE DRIFTING CRAFT, THEN JUMPED LIGHTLY TO ITS DECK...

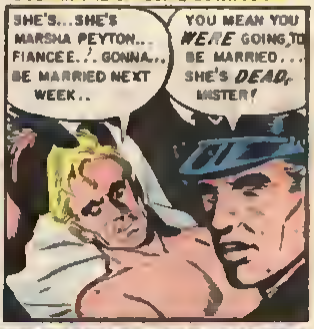


THE TWO OFFICERS STEPPED CONFIDENTLY INTO THE CRUISER'S CABIN, THEN STOPPED, SURPRISED AT THE SIGHT THAT GREETED THEM! THERE WAS A GIRL LYING ON ONE BUNK, AND ON ANOTHER THERE WAS THE STILL, WHITISH FIGURE OF A MAN...

THE YOUNG LIEUTENANT MOVED CLOSER TO EXAMINE TO MOTIONLESS BODY. AS HE DID SO, THE MASK-LIKE FACE TWITCHED...

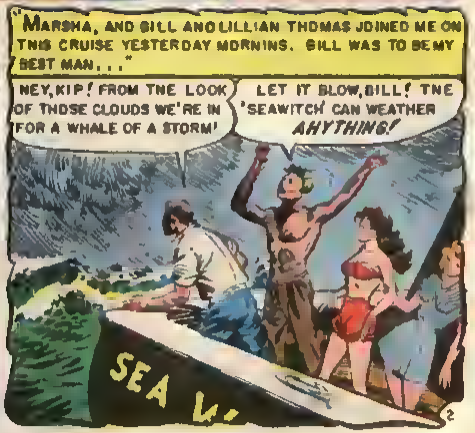
THE CAPTAIN APPROACHED THE ALL-BUT LIFELESS MAN ON THE BUNK WHO, WITH GREAT EFFORT, RAISED HIS ARM AND POINTED TO A LOCKER.

THEY PROPPED HIM UP IN THE BUNK AND REVIVED HIM SOMEWHAT WITH THE BRANDY. HIS BLAZED EYES SOUGHT TO FOCUS ON THE GIRL'S BODY IN THE OPPOSITE BUNK...

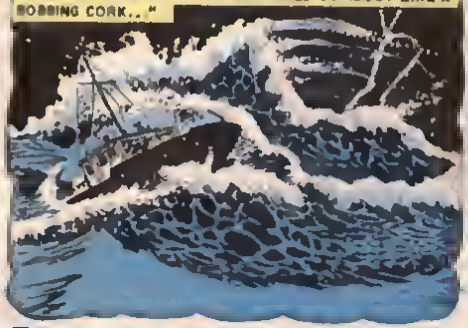


THE MAN SIGHED HEAVILY, TOOK A DEEP BREATH. HE SEEMED TO HAVE GAINED SOME STRENGTH...

"MARSHA, AND BILL AND LILLIAN THOMAS JOINED ME ON THIS CRUISE YESTERDAY MORNING. BILL WAS TO BE MY BEST MAN..."



"THE STORM WAS SOON ON US! I HAD CHALLENGED THE ELEMENTS AND WE HAD THE WORKS THROWN AT US! GREAT JAGGED FORKS OF LIGHTNING RIPPED THE BLACKNESS... SHATTERING THUNDER BLASTED OUR EARDRUMS! THE SEA HEAVED AND ROLLED AND TOSSED US ABOUT LIKE A BOBBING CORK.."



"IT WAS MORE THAN I HAD BARGAINED FOR. MARSHA TREMBLED IN MY ARMS, NOT KNOWING I WAS AS FRIGHTENED AS SHE..."

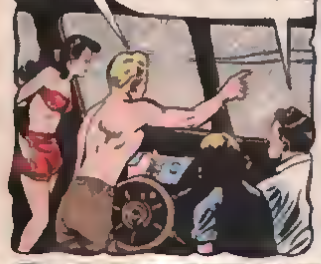
OH, KIP, CAN'T WE MAKE PORT?

SURE, HONEY, SURE! DON'T WORRY.. WE'LL MAKE IT, ALL RIGHT!

"THERE WAS NO LET-UP IN THE STORM. THE GREATER PART OF THE AFTERNOON WENT BY BEFORE WE NOTICED THE SHAPES OF LAND FORMATIONS BEFORE US."

MUST BE AN ISLAND!

BETTER HEAD FOR IT! AT LEAST WE'LL BE ABLE TO SIT-OUT THE STORM!



"THE VIOLENT WAVES CARRIED US BY A NATURAL BREAKWATER OF REEFS AND INTO A CIRCLE OF CALM. THROUGH THE OVERCAST WE SAW A GLOOMY OLD CASTLE PERCHED HIGH ON THE ISLAND..."

"I CUT THE ENGINES. THE 'SEAWITCH' DRIFTED INTO A QUIET COVE WHERE WE DROPPED ANCHOR AND WENT ASHORE. IT WAS THEN WE HEARD A HIGH-PITCHED WAILING SOUND..."

THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS! AND THAT SOUND..

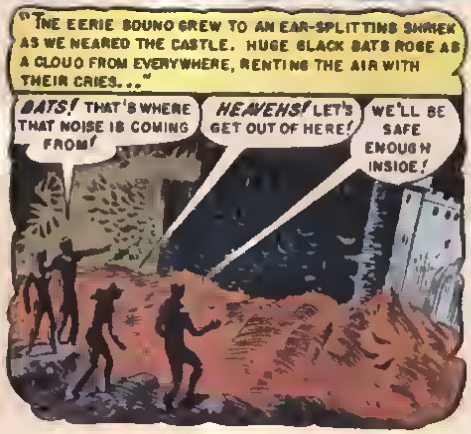
...WEIRDEST SOUND I EVER HEARD! LET'S SEE IF ANYONE'S AT HOME IN THAT CASTLE!

"THE EERIE SOUND GREW TO AN EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK AS WE NEARED THE CASTLE. HUGE BLACK BATS ROSE AS A CLOUD FROM EVERYWHERE, RENTING THE AIR WITH THEIR CRIES..."

BATS! THAT'S WHERE THAT NOISE IS COMING FROM!

HEAVENS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

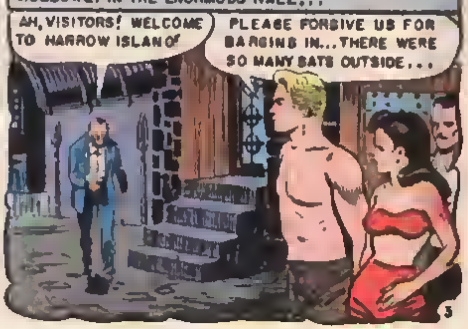
WE'LL BE SAFE ENOUGH INSIDE!



"WE PUSHED OPEN A HEAVY OAK DOOR AND DASHED INTO THE CASTLE. WHEN OUR EYES BECAME ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS WE SAW A BENT, WITHERED OLD MAN COMING TOWARD US. HE SPOKE, AND HIS WORDS ECHOED HOLLOWLY IN THE ENORMOUS HALL..."

AH, VISITORS! WELCOME TO NARROW ISLAND!

PLEASE FORGIVE US FOR BARGING IN... THERE WERE SO MANY BATS OUTSIDE...



YOU NEEDN'T FEAR MY LITTLE PETS! I SEE YOU ARE COLD AND PROBABLY HUNGRY! WOULD YOU CARE FOR SOME FOOD?
THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, SIR! I'D ALSO LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS PLACE ... I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE
"HIS ONLY REPLY WAS A CACKLING LAUGH THAT SENT CHILLS THROUGH ME! WE FOLLOWED HIM TO A HUGE DINING HALL WHERE WE SERVED US AN EXCELLENT MEAL. BUT HE DID NOT EAT. HE SAT STUDYING EACH OF US WITH HIS BEADY, GLITTERING EYES.
"AT LENGTH HE TOOK OUT HIS WATCH, GRINNED EVILY AND LOOKED AT US..."
IT IS PAST SUN-DOWN, AND THERE SEEMS TO BE NO LET-UP IN THE STORM. I SUGGEST YOU SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!
THANK YOU, MR. HARROW! NOTHING COULD SET ME BACK ON THE WATER TILL THE WEATHER CLEARS!
"SOMETIME LATER OUR HOST LED US UP A WINDING STONE STAIRWAY TO OUR ROOMS. THE AMBER GLOW FROM HIS LANTERN FLICKERED WEAKLY ON THE WALLS, AND MARSHA CLUNG TO ME."
KIP I.. I DON'T LIKE THIS! I'M AFRAID! I DON'T KNOW WHY..
YOU'RE JUST TIRED AND NERVOUS, HONEY! WE'LL GO TO SLEEP NOW AND GET AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING
"ONCE IN MY ROOM I FELL ASLEEP QUICKLY. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I SLEPT BUT I SUDDENLY WOKE HEARING TERRIFYING CRIES! TWO VOICES.. THE HOARSE YELL OF A MAN, THE SHRILL SCREAM OF A WOMAN..."
WHAT TH ? THAT'S BILL'S VOICE! AND LILLIAN'S!
"HURRIEDLY I DRESSED, LIGHTED THE LANTERN ON MY BUREAU, AND FOLLOWED THE ECHOES DOWNSTAIRS. THEY LED ME TO A RUSTED STEEL DOOR JUST OFF THE ENTRANCE HALL. IT'S ANCIENT HINGES RASPED DEPARTLY AS I PULLED IT OPEN AND STARED INTO THE DIMLY-LIT CELLAR BELOW. MY ENTIRE BEING WENT NUMB WITH HORROR."
"I COULD SEE SEVERAL OPEN EARTH-FILLED COFFINS! BILL AND LILLIAN, NOW SILENT, LAY STILL AND WHITE ON THE STONE FLOOR, WHILE A SINISTER GROUP CLUSTERED ABOUT THEM, DRAINING THEIR LIFE BLOOD! VAMPIRES!..."
GRR

I THOUGHT ONLY OF MARSHA'S SAFETY AND MY OWN! I RACED UP TO HER ROOM, BURST THROUGH THE DOOR! HARROW WAS THERE BENDING OVER MARSHA, HIS LONG VAMPIRE FANGS NEAR HER PULSING THROAT! SHE SHRANK BACK, LIVID WITH FRIGHT! I SNATCHED UP A CHAIR...

GET AWAY FROM HER!

"HARROW WHIRLED WITH A STARTLED SQUEAL! I SMASHED THE WOODEN CHAIR AGAINST A WALL, PICKED UP A LENGTH OF ITS SPLINTERED LEG...A *STAKE!* AS THE AGED VAMPIRE CAME LUNGING TOWARD ME, I DROVE THE WOODEN STAKE DEEP INTO HIS HEART

"TOGETHER WE RAN FRANTICALLY TO THE BOAT! SEVERAL BLOODTHIRSTY VAMPIRES REACHED THE WATER'S EDGE SECONDS AFTER I STARTED THE ENGINES AND MADE TOWARD THE COVE ENTRANCE..."

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DARLING.. WE'RE SAFE NOW!

MARSHA, I'M SORRY ABOUT BILL AND LILLIAN! I WAS TOO LATE TO HELP THEM! THEY'D ALREADY BEEN BITTEN! THAT...THAT MEANS THEY WERE INFECTED... (CHOKE) THEY'RE *VAMPIRES* NOW.

I KNOW, KIP...

"I TURNED INSTINCTIVELY, THEN RECOILED AS MARSHA CAME TOWARD ME WITH LONG DROOLING FANGS BARED... HER FLESH ASHEN, BLOODLESS..."

MARSHA! YOU?! A VAMPIRE?! HARROW... HE GOT TO YOU BEFORE I KILLED HIM!

KIP FOWLER SANK BACK, WHISPERED A FEW MORE WORDS, THEN LAY STILL AND WHITE. CAPTAIN GRADY LOOKED DOWN AT MARSHA PEYTON'S BODY...

YOU'LL NEVER GET A *JURY* TO BELIEVE THAT STORY, FOWLER! IT LOOKS LIKE *MURDER* TO ME!

HE'LL NEVER BE TRIED FOR IT, CAPTAIN! HE'S *DEAD!*

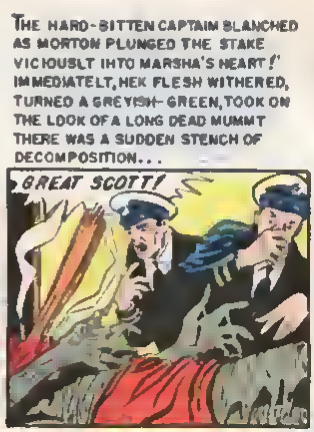
THE CAPTAIN'S FACE HARDENED. THEIR HEAVY BREATHING IN THE SUDDEN DEATHLY SILENCE SOUNDED IN RHYTHM TOO THE LAPPING OF THE WATER AGAINST THE BOAT. THROWING OFF A SHUDDER, LIEUTENANT MORTON SPOKE NERVOUSLY...

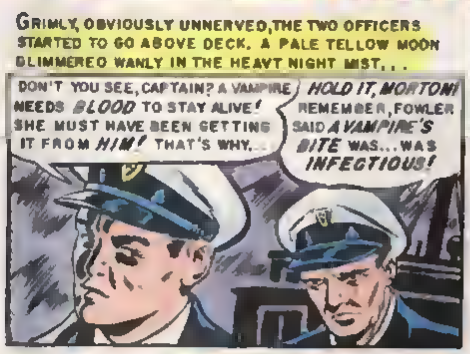
CAPTAIN GRADY...WHAT IF HE WAS TELLING THE *TRUTH*? YOU SEE WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... SO PALE... AS THOUGH HE HAD BEEN ALMOST COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD!

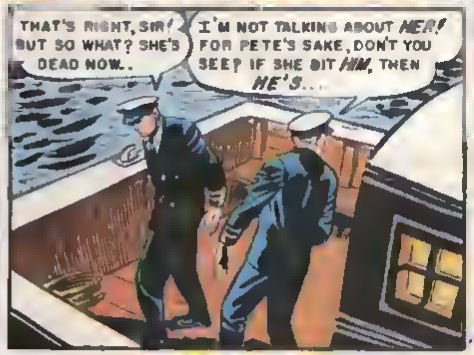
YOU MEAN BY THIS GIRL? *POPPYCOCK*, MORTON! SHE'S DEAD! FEEL HER FACE...COLD AS *ICE!*

BUT LOOK AT HER THROAT, CAPTAIN! TWO PUNCTURE MARKS... JUST LIKE HE SAID!
HE MUST HAVE PUT THEM THERE WITH A NAIL OR SOMETHING AFTER SHE DIED! BUT IF YOU BELIEVED HIM, MORTON, GO WHITTLE A STAKE! YOU CAN'T KILL HER ANY DEADER THAN SHE IS!

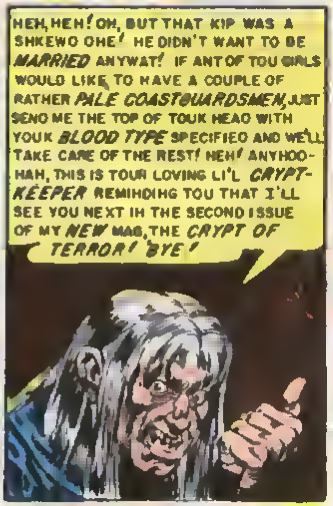
THE LIEUTENANT QUICKLY FASHIONED A STAKE FROM A DECK CHAIR. HE KNEELED BY THE GIRL, CLUTCHING THE STAKE IN HIS HAND... POISED ABOVE HER HEART...
I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE SERIOUS, LIEUTENANT! COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. IT'S LATE, AND THERE'S A FOG ROLLING IN!


THE HARD-BITTEN CAPTAIN BLANCHED AS MORTON PLUNGED THE STAKE VICIOUSLY INTO MARSHA'S HEART! IMMEDIATELY, HER FLESH WITHERED, TURNED A GREYISH-GREEN, TOOK ON THE LOOK OF A LONG DEAD MUMMY THERE WAS A SUDDEN STENCH OF DECOMPOSITION...
GREAT SCOTT!


GRIMLY, OBVIOUSLY UNNERVED, THE TWO OFFICERS STARTED TO GO ABOVE DECK. A PALE YELLOW MOON GLIMMERED WANLY IN THE HEAVY NIGHT MIST...
DON'T YOU SEE, CAPTAIN? A VAMPIRE NEEDS BLOOD TO STAY ALIVE! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN GETTING IT FROM HIM! THAT'S WHY...
HOLD IT, MORTON! REMEMBER, FOWLER SAID A VAMPIRE'S BITE WAS... WAS INFECTIOUS!


THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! BUT SO WHAT? SHE'S DEAD NOW..
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT HER! FOR PETE'S SAKE, DON'T YOU SEE? IF SHE BIT HIM, THEN HE'S...

BOTH MEN WHIRLED IN TERRIFIED REALIZATION, BUT TOO LATE! KIP FOWLER WAS ON THEM, HIS GLISTENING FANGS SNAPPING EAGERLY, SPITTLE RUNNING FROM HIS LIPS...
THE END...


HEH, HEH! OH, BUT THAT KIP WAS A SHREWD ONE! HE DIDN'T WANT TO BE MARRIED ANYWAY! IF ANY OF YOU GIRLS WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A COUPLE OF RATHER PALE COASTGUARDSMEN, JUST SEND ME THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD WITH YOUR BLOOD TYPE SPECIFIED AND WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST! HEH! ANYHOO-HAH, THIS IS YOUR LOVING LI'L CRYPT-KEEPER REMINDING YOU THAT I'LL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE SECOND ISSUE OF MY NEW MAG, THE CRYPT OF TERROR! BYE!

A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

THIS IS AN APPEAL FOR ACTION!

THE PROBLEM: Comics are under fire horror and crime comics in particular Due to the efforts of various "do-gooders" and "do-gooder" groups, a large segment of the public is being led to believe that certain comic magazines cause juveoile delinquency, warp the minds of America s youth, and affect the development of the personalities of those who read them! Among these "do-gooders ' are a psychiatrist who has made a lucrative career of attacking comic magazines, certain publishing companies who do not publish comics and who would benefit by their demise, many groups of adults who would like to blame their lack of ability as responsible parents on comic mags instead of on themselves, and various assorted headline hunters These people are militant They complain to local police officials, to local magazioe retailers, to local wholesalers, and to their congressmen They complain and complain and threaten and threaten. Eventually, everyone gets frightened The newsdealer gets frightened He removes the books from display The wholesaler gets frightened He refuses shipments The congressmen get frightened ' November is coming! They start an investigation This wave of hysteria has seriously threatened the very existence of the whole comic magazine industry

WE BELIEVE Your editors sincerely believe that the claim of these crusaders that comics are bad for children is *nonsense* If we, in the slightest way, thought that horror comics, crime comics, or any other kind of comics were harmful to our readers, we would cease publishing them and direct our efforts toward something else!

And we re oot alone in our belief. For example Dr Davtd Abrahamsen, emineot criminologist, in his book, "Who Are The Guilty?" says, "Comic books do oot lead ro crime, although they have been widely blamed for it In my experience as a psychiatrist, I cannot remember having seen one boy or girl who has committed a crime, or who became neurotic or psychotic because he or she read comic books." A group led by Dr Freda Kehm, Mental Health Chairman of the Ill. Congress of the P T A., decided that living room violence has "a decided beneficial effect on young minds." Dr. Robert H. Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, said that horror comic books do not originate criminal behavior in children In a way, the horror comics may do some good children may use fantasy, as stimulated by the "comics" as a means of working out natural feelings of aggressiveness

We also believe that a large portion of our total readership of horror and crime comics is made up of adults We believe that those who oppose comics are a small minority Yet this minority is causing the hysteria The voice of the *majority* you who buy comics, read them, enjoy them, and are not harmed by them has not been heard!

WHAT YOU MUST DO: Unless you act now, the pressure from this minority may force comics from the American scene It is members of this minority who threaten the local retailers, who threaren the local wholesalers, who have sent letters to the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency (now investigating the comic industry)

IT IS TIME THAT THE MAJORITY'S VOICE BE HEARD!

It is time that the Senate Subcommittee hears from YOU *each and every one of you!*

If you agree that comics are harmless entertainment, write a letter or a postcard *TODAY* to

The Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency
United States Senate
Washington 25, D C.

and in your own words, tell them so. Make it a nice, polite letter! In the case of you younger readers, it would be more effective if you could get your parents to write for you, or perhaps add a P S. to your letter, as the Senate Subcommittee may not have much respect for the opinions of minors

Of course, if you or your parents *disagree* with us, and believe that comics ARE bad, let your sentiments be known on that too! The important thing is that the Subcommittee hear from actual comic book readers and/or their parents, rather than from people who never read a comic magazine in their lives, but simply want to destroy them

It is also important that your local newsdealer be encouraged to continue carrying, displaying, and selling *all kinds* of comics Speak to him Have him speak to his wholesaler

Wherever you can, let your voice and the voices of your parents be raised to protest over the campaign against comics

But first *right now* please write that letter to the Senate Subcommittee

Sincerely,
Your grateful editors
(for the whole E. C. Gang)

SENSATIONAL OFFER OF HARD-TO-GET STAMPS!

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GUARANTEED $6.73 CATALOG VALUE

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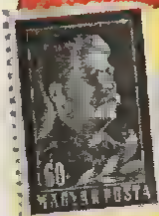
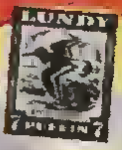


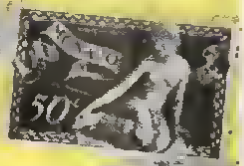
STALIN DEATH STAMP—black-bordered portrait of the late ruler of the Soviet world. Issued by a satellite country deep behind the feared Iron Curtain.

CROATIA GIANT TRIANGLES—amazing set of 6 truly huge triangles — showing exotic flowers and birds in glowing full color! Issued by Croatian Government-in-Exile.



LUNDY — shows fascinating Puffin bird — issued by only private kingdom in the world!

SOUTH POLE STAMPS—unusual complete set of 4 seals authorized by Antartic Research Association of Australia, for use on mail from South Pole Base.



MONACO NUDES — exciting set of 2 includes the nude Nymph Salmacis shown below. Issued in 1948 to honor famous sculptor, Bosio.

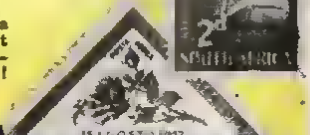
YOU ALSO GET hundreds of other fascinating and unusual stamps and sets from all over the world! A grand total of 319 all-different stamps—*guaranteed $6.73 Catalog Value*—all yours for only 25¢! What a bargain! Why, any one of the sets shown here alone is worth more than the 25¢ you pay for the entire collection! And just think of the hours upon hours of fun you'll have poring through this giant collection—filling hundreds of blank spaces in your album at the amazing bargain rate of 13 stamps for 1¢.

SUPPLY LIMITED! FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED!

We're making this sensational offer to introduce you to our famous Bargain Approvals—which we'll send you for *free examination*. But hurry! The supply of these bargain packets is necessarily limited—once the stamps shown here are gone, there just won't be any more! So mail coupon NOW! If coupon is clipped, send 25¢ direct to:

ZENITH CO., Dept. JZ-1, 81 Willoughby St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

UNION OF SO. AFRICA Here's the official portrait stamp of beloved Queen Elizabeth — issued in 1953 to commemorate her Coronation!



MAIL COUPON NOW

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Here's my 25¢ Send me entire collection described in this ad—319 all-different stamps—*plus* FREE "Midget Encyclopedia of Stamps." Include, for free examination, your latest Bargain Approvals.

Name _____

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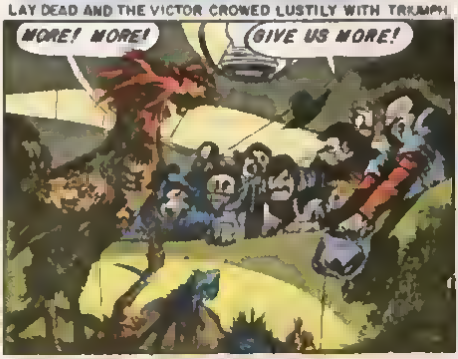
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

HEH! YOU'LL ENJOY THIS ONE! BLOOD FLOWS LIKE A TORRENT IN THIS GRUESOME TALE ABOUT

THE PIT!

THERE WAS A RAW CHILL IN THE NIGHT AIR, BUT THE FIGHT FANS' BLOOD BOILED IN THEIR WILD-EYED EXCITEMENT. THEY STOOD ENCIRCLING THE GORE-SPLATTERED PIT, SCREAMING AS FRENZIED COCK SANK KNIFE-SHARP SPUR INTO SAVAGE OPPONENT...

UNMINDFUL OF THE SHRIEKING OF THE BLOODTHIRSTY FIGHT FANS, UNDER THE BLARING FLOODLIGHTS, THE CONTESTANTS PECKED AND GASHED UNTIL ONE TORN COCK LAY DEAD AND THE VICTOR CROWED LUSTILY WITH TRIUMPH.



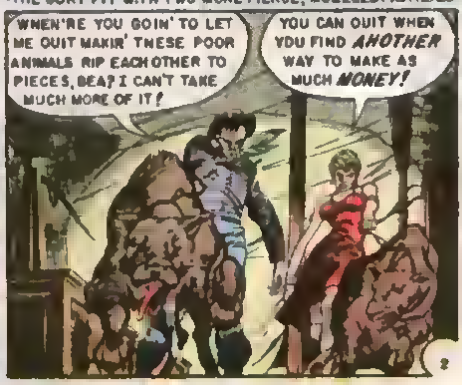
NEARBY, FELIX JOHNSON PUCKERED HIS TROUBLED BROW, SYMPATHETICALLY SMOOTHING THE FEATHERS OF TWO OTHER PLUMP BIRDS. HIS WIFE, LILA, REGARDED HIM WITH SCORN...

NOT FAR AWAY THERE WAS ANOTHER PIT, AND IN IT, GOADED BY THE SHRILL SHRIEKS OF A FRENZIED AUDIENCE, TWO VICIOUS DOGS CIRCLED BENEATH BRIGHT SPOTLIGHTS, SNARLING AND SNAPPING...

...AND THE BLACK NIGHT WAS SHATTERED WITH RAUCOUS CHEERS AS ONE BEAST LUNGED, RIPPED RED FLESH AND BLOOD-MATTED FUR FROM HIS DYING FOE...

SWIFTLY THE STRONGER DOG SANK HIS FOAM-WET FANGS INTO THE OTHER'S THROAT, RIPPED IT OUT, AND THEN STOOD PANTING, SNIFFING AT HIS RIVAL'S QUIVERING CORPSE...

AARON SCOTT AND *HIS* WIFE BEATRICE HEADED FOR THE GORY PIT WITH TWO MORE FIERCE, MUZZLED FIGHTERS.



THE TWO NEW DOGS WERE RELEASED INTO THE PIT. AND THE RENEWED BURSTS OF FRANTIC GLEE, AARON AND BEATRICE RETURNED TO THE CAGES, CONTINUING THE ARGUMENT THAT HAD BEEN GOING ON FOR MONTHS NOW...

YOU LOVE *DOGS!* I LOVE *MONEY!* BUT YOU'RE TOO *DUMB* TO EARN A LIVIN' ANY OTHER WAY! THE DOGFIGHTS ARE OUR BREAD AND GUTTER!

I WAS MAKIN' FORTY-FIVE A WEEK AT THE SERVICE STATION IN TOWN...

YOU CALL *THAT* A LIVIN'? LISTEN, IF WE QUIT, ALL OUR BUSINESS GOES TO THE JOHNSONS! YOU THINK I COULD STAND HAVIN' THAT WITCH LORD IT OVER ME? YOU KNOW SHE JUST HAD HER WHOLE DUMP DONE OVER? CAN WE AFFORD *THAT?*

NO, WE CAN'T, 'CAUSE I JUST SPENT THREE HUNDRED BUCKS ON A NEW REFRIGERATOR!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE JOHNSON'S ARENA...

A NEW REFRIGERATOR! BEATRICE SCOTT WOULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT IT IF I HADN'T A-BEEN IN THE STORE JUST THEN! AND YOU TALK ABOUT GIVIN' UP THE COCK-FIGHTS! HMPF! OVER MY *DEAD BODY*, YOU WILL!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET YOU A NEW REFRIGERATOR, ONLY QUIT HOUNDIN' ME!

IN THE NEXT FEW NIGHTS, BUSINESS GOT SLOWER AND SLOWER AT THE JOHNSON PITS. AT LAST, ONLY A HANDFUL OF SPECTATORS STRAGGLED IN TO SEE THE BLOOD-LETTING...

I TELL YOU IT'S JUST THE WEATHER, LILA! IT'S TOO *COLD!*

DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, FELIX! GET OVER TO THE SCOTT'S AND SEE IF *THEY'RE* DRAWIN' ANY CROWDS!

FELIX WALKED THE QUARTER-MILE TO THE SCOTT'S WHERE THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS CROWD TO SEE THE CARNAGE. HE MET AARON NEAR THE DOGPITS. THERE WAS NO ANIMOSITY BETWEEN THEM...

I DON'T MEAN T' SNOOP, AARON, BUT LILA MADE ME COME! HOW'D YOU DRAW IN SUCH A BIG CROWD?

BEA SPREAD THE WORD AROUND TOWN TODAY THAT WE'D BE USIN' FOUR DOGS AT A TIME TONIGHT!

FOUR DOGS! I HATE FOR LILA TO FIND THAT OUT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO TELL HER!

YEAH. I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAINST! I JUST FOUND OUT ABOUT IT MYSELF, AN HOUR AGO...BUT THEN IT WAS TOO LATE!

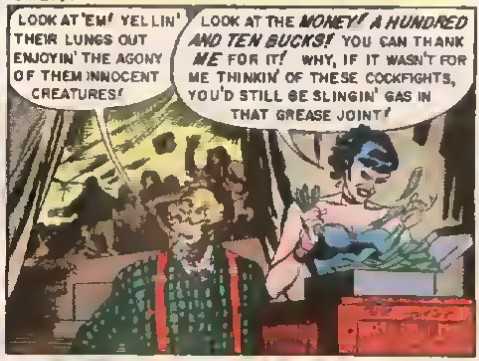
DEJECTED, FELIX RETURNED HOME...

SO *THAT'S* HOW IT IS, EH? BEA SCOTT PULLED A FAST ONE! OKAY... SHE THREW FOUR DOGS IN THE PIT? TOMORROW WE PUT IN *SIX* COCKS AT ONCE... AND ATTACH *BLADES!*

BLADES! LILA! THOSE BIRDS'LL BE TORN TO *SHREDS!*

WHEN THE WORD GOT ABOUT TOWN, THE SPORTING FOLK CAME IN DROVES, AND THEY GOT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH, TOO! SIX GAMECOCKS, WITH LONG, RAZOR-SHARP BLADES CLAMPED ABOVE THEIR NATURAL SPURS, CUT ONE ANOTHER TO RIBBONS IN A MAD FLURRY OF BLOOD AND FEATHERS...

FELIX STOOD BACK WITH LILA, WHO GRINNED AND GREEDILY COUNTED THE MONEY GAINED THROUGH THE ADMISSION GATE...

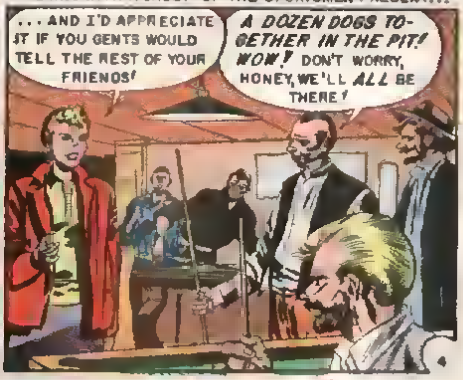


THE FOLLOWING DAY, BOTH WOMEN ACCIDENTLY MET AT BALDWYN'S DRESS SHOP. THEY GLARED, BUT DIDN'T SPEAK...

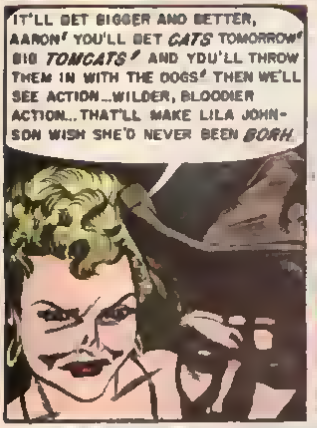
NO SOONER HAD BEATRICE LEFT THAN A SLY, SPITEFUL SMILE SPREAD ACROSS LILA JOHNSON'S FACE...

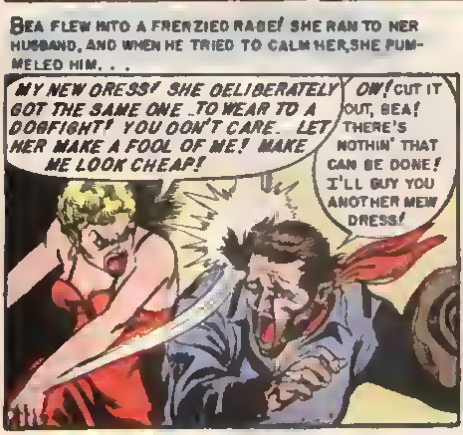
THE SHOP-GIRL WADED THROUGH THE RACKS AND PICKED OUT THE IDENTICAL DRESS. TRIUMPHANTLY, LILA COUNTED THE SIXTY DOLLARS...

MEANWHILE, BEA SCOTT WAS IN THE LOCAL POOL HALL, TALKING WITH A GROUP OF THE SPORTSMEN PRESENT...



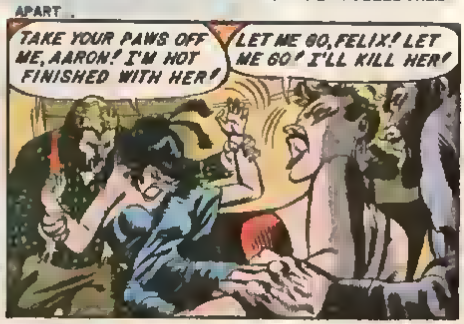
THAT NIGHT THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH AN INSANE SYMPHONY OF SCREECHING HUMANS, AND HOWLING, GROWLING BRUTES. HOT FLESH LITTERED THE SCARLET-SOAKED PIT. BEA SCOTT LISTENED TO THE VILE UPROAR WITH JOY IN HER HEART, BUT THE SOUND ONLY MADE AARON SHUDDER WITH REVULSION ..





HE HELD HER BACK AS LONG AS HE COULD, BUT SHE BROKE LOOSE, LOOKING FOR HER AVOWED ENEMY. BY THEM THE FIGHTS HAD ENDED, AND LILA WAS STRAGGLING FAR BEHIND THE DEPARTING CROWD...

THE SUDDENNESS OF BEA'S ATTACK DID NOT TAKE LILA BY SURPRISE! THE TWO WOMEN FLAILED AWAY AT EACH OTHER UNTIL THEIR HUSBANDS FORCIBLY PULLED THEM APART...



FELIX COULD FEEL THE QUIVERING OF HIS WIFE'S BODY, THE OMINOUS RING TO HER VOICE. BOTH SHREWS FOUGHT TO GET FREE, BUT THE HUSBANDS' EYES MET AND THERE WAS AN UNSPOKEN UNDERSTANDING AS THEY NODDED...

A MOMENT LATER, FELIX AND AARON STOOD BY THE PIT'S EDGE, THEIR ARMS ABOUT EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS, AND THEY CHORTLED HEARTILY WITH GLEE

...FOR IN THE PIT, STEPPING ON THE EVISCERATED CARCASSES OF A DOZEN DOGS, TWO BATTLERS CLAWED DEEP GOUGES IN EACH OTHER'S FLESH, RIPPED HAIR FROM HEADS, SANK TEETH DEEP AND TORE OUT CHUNKS OF RAW MEAT! THEY RAGED AND THRASHED VICIOUSLY TILL THEY NO LONGER RESEMBLED PERSONS... UNTIL AT LAST THEY WERE NOTHING MORE THAN TWO HUMAN ANIMALS SHREDDING ONE ANOTHER IN A CONFLICT FROM WHICH THERE COULD BE NO SURVIVOR!

HEH, HEH! WELL, *DOGGONE!* THERE'S A COUPLE OF *STRIKING BEAUTIES* FOR YOU! Y'KNOW... I HEAR THAT AARON AND FELIX, THOSE WOEBEGONE *WIDOWERS*, ARE RUNNING A *HOME* FOR POVERTY-STRICKEN *PUPS* AND DECREPIT *GAME-COCKS!* AND NOW THAT THEY'VE NO *WIVES* TO *HOUND* THEM, THEY GO AROUND *CROWING* ALL DAY LONG! HEH! WELL, WHEN YOU GOTTA *CROW*, YOU GOTTA *CROW*, SO A GOODY-GOOD-BYE TO YOU FOR NOW!

E.C. WENT TO SEA

IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...

AND WE CAME UP WITH...

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LANDLUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME! I ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

BLOODSUCKERS

The gun bucked in his hand and Storch saw the old man slump to the ground in a spreading pool of blood. A sharp pain in his shoulder made Storch stagger backwards, a gasp of surprise escaping from his throat. His hand leaped to his shouldet: he winced in agony and saw the gory trickle spreading between his fingers and staining his palm.

He'd been hit by a lucky shot. He had to get out of this frontier town befnre they strung him up fnr killing Quint Barlow. While he could still move he had to get as far away as possible . . . hide out till nightfall, then slip across the border to safety.

Storch lunged across the dusty street, flung himself nnto his mangy hnrse and brutally dug his spurs into the animal's flesh. In a spume of dirt the grimy buildings were left behind . . . Snrch clattered through the outskirts of Fentonville before the alarm had even been sounded and a posse could be organized.

It would be a necktie party for sure, Storch thought grimly. Hanging on desperately with his good arm, he hunched far over the horse's shaggy mane and bit his lips to keep from crying out. They hated him here on the plains . . . nobody'd ever listen if he pleaded that Quint Barlow had slapped leather first. Ever since he'd slugged that Brindle boy these sodbusters had it in for him . . . shooting a man like Barlow meant a boothill burial for a maverick like Storch if they ever gor their bloodsucking hands on him. *That's* what they were, where a ranny like Storch was involved: ferocious *bloodsuckers* out ro drain the life fluid from a man who had the guts to stand up to 'em!

His strength was fading fast. The shoulder throbbed vinlently and spasms of nausea were welling up in his throat. He couldn't stand another minute nf this hurtling over the jagged terrain; be had to rest for awhile . . . had to hide in the fields long enough to pry the stinging bullet from his tortured flesh.

The long swath of waving grain was just what he needed. Stumbling painfully from the animal's back, he scurried deep into the wheat field, crnuching low so they couldn't spot him from the surrounding hills. With a grimace of pain, Storch sprawled headlong between the towering rows nf grain. He'd be safe here till nightfall, then he'd be able to slither across the border. He'd just rest here for a moment . . . after he'd caught his breath he'd cut that cursed bullet from his flesh.

How long he lay in groggy sleep he never discovered. He was shocked back to wakefulness by the eerie whirring sound thar filled the plains. Glancing aloft, be saw that the sun had been obscured by an undulating cloud which moved onward with relentless fury. He sat upright, his nerves tense and a fluttering of fear knotting his stomach. And then he saw what was hovering ominously overhead.

The first thick wave of locusts descended on the field before he could scramble weakly to his feet. The swarm of insects settled like a deadly pall ovet the stalks of grain: their slimy bodies clotted his hair and made his skin crawl in terror. He tried to shake them off . . . to rise and run in horror . . . but they enveloped him like a living, writhing shroud. He screamed in fear . . . but already the sound of gnawing was enveloping his consciousness. They murdered everything in their path, Storch knew as he tried to squirm free . . . the grain blackened with their bodies and the ground became oozy with the gorging, rapacious creatures.

Storch sank to the ground, and the locusts buried him in an instant. They slashed at his flesh as if he was a doomed stalk of wheat . . . a thousand stabs of agony made his body shudder. The blood poured from his pierced flesh . . . his skin was torn loose by cruel pincers.

Long before the cloud of bloodsuckers rose from the desolate field, in a whining, scraping crescendo, Stotch's bones had been picked clean.

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! SO YOU'VE FINALLY REACHED THE *HAUNT OF FEAR*, EH? WELL, HOP RIGHT INTO MY HUMBLE HUT, 'CAUSE I'VE REALLY GOT A HUNK OF *GUNK* BOILING FOR YOU IN THAT *CRAZY CAULDRON* OF MINE! MMMMM*BOY!* THAT STENCH? OH, THE *FUMIGATOR* WAS HERE...SEEMS THERE WERE SOME *FLEAS* LEFT OVER FROM *K.K.'S* PUTRID PIECE ABOUT THE POOCHES! *HEE!* ANYHOW, PEOPLES, THIS DELICIOUS DITTY TOOK *SIX DEGENERATIONS* OF THE *FAMOUS FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY* TO DEVELOP, SO LET'S HAVE A BIT OF QUIET WHILE I OPEN MY BIG BLACK BOOK TO THE CHAPTER ON *BLOBS* AND COMMENCE THE WRETCHED STORY, AS TOLD BY DR. EMIL FRANKENSTEIN HIMSELF, CALLED...

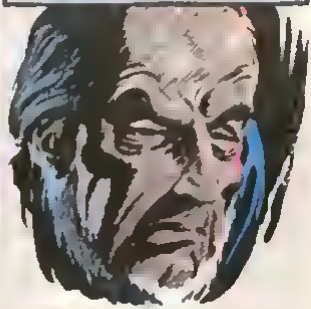
ASHES TO ASHES!

THIS MOSS-COVERED HEAP CLOISTERED IN WURTTEMBERG'S BLACK FOREST IS MY HOME, MY LABORATORY, AS IT HAS BEEN FOR THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY FOR SOME ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS. TRUE, IT IS BLEAK...YES, EVEN UNPLEASANT...BUT HERE WE HAVE HAD THE UTMOST SECLUSION OUR GREAT EXPERIMENT HAS DEMANDED!.

WHAT I RECORD HERE IN MY DIARY I DO WITH A HEAVY HEART, FOR IN IT LIES THE FUTILE TOIL OF SIX GENERATIONS, AND MY OWN BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT...

I SUPPOSE I SHOULD START BY SAYING THAT I AM EMIL FRANKENSTEIN, THE ONLY LIVING DESCENDANT OF THAT EQUALLY UNFORTUNATE SCIENTIST WHO CREATED THE INFAMOUS MONSTER...

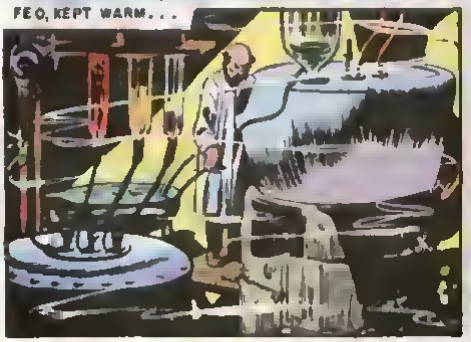
IT WAS HIS SON WHO, IN 1821, DESIRING TO JUSTIFY HIS FATHER'S BELIEF THAT MAN CAN CREATE MAN, EVOLVED THE THEORY THAT MANKIND DEVELOPED FROM THE LOWEST FORMS OF DECAYED MATTER



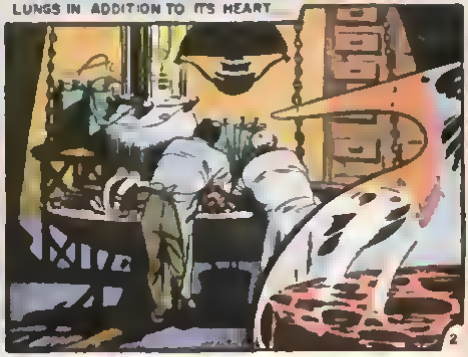
HE STARTED WITH WHAT I CAN ONLY CALL A MASS OF PUTRESCENCE DUG BY HIS OWN HANDS FROM A MIASMIC SWAMP, BLENDED WITH WASTE DREDGED FROM AN ABANDONED CESSPOOL. HERE HE BEGAN, IN THIS VERY SAME LAB, AT THE FIRST STEP OF HUMAN CREATION!

THERE WOULD BE NO GLORY FOR HIM, HE KNEW, BUT HE LABORED ARDENTLY OVER THE INCUBATION OF THE SHAPELESS, LIFELESS GLOB OF MUCK! HE WAS PAST THE AGE OF SEVENTY WHEN HE AND HIS SON FIRST NOTICED THE SLIGHTEST PULSATIONS THAT SIGNIFIED ITS *LIFE!*

FROM THEN ON THE DEDICATION TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SLOWLY WRITHING GELATINOUS MASS WAS HANDED DOWN FROM PARENT TO CHILD. THROUGH THE YEARS THE HELPLESS EMBRYONIC GLOB WAS CHEMICALLY FED, KEPT WARM...



SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, EACH SUCCEEDING GENERATION WORKED WITH UNTIRING EFFORTS TO NOURISH AND CULTIVATE THE LIVING THING THAT NOW HAD EVOLVED LUNGS IN ADDITION TO ITS HEART



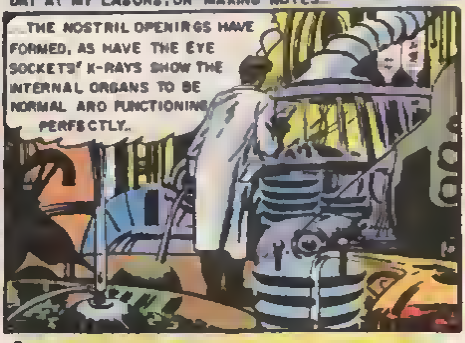
FILMY, JELLYISH ARMS AND LEGS HAD FORMED WREN MY FATHER ASSUMED THE RESPONSIBILITY, AND IT WAS HE WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE GREATEST DEVELOPMENT.. THE CREATION HAD FORMED A HEAD... AND A MOUTH!

BUT THOUGH MY FATHER'S JOY WAS GREAT AND HIS HOPES HIGH, HE KREW HE WOULD NOT LIVE TO SEE THE FINAL MATURING OF THE FAMILY'S CREATION! BUT... IN *MY* LIFETIME!

A MONTH LATER MY FATHER DIED AND I AT ONCE TOOK UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF WITHIN THREE YEARS THE SEMI-HUMAN CREATURE WAS TAKING CHEMICAL FOOD BY MOUTH

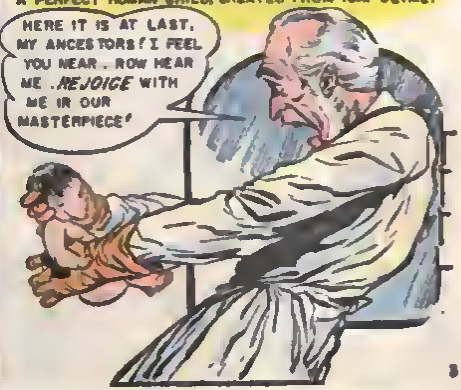
I FULLY REALIZED THE IMMENSE IMPORTANCE OF THS RESPONSIBILITY NOW RESTING HEAVILY ON MY SHOULDERS, AND DEEP INTO THE NIGHT I WOULD STUDY AND PORE OVER THE VOLUMINOUS NOTEBOOKS THAT HAD BEEN HANDED DOWN TO ME...

BEFORE I PASSED MY TWERTIES I REALIZED THAT THE FULL DEVELOPMENT TO A HUMAN BEING COULD BE ACHIEVED WITHIN THIRTY YEARS! I TOOK NOT EVEN TIME TO MARRY, AND SPENT ALL BUT A FEW HOURS A DAY AT MY LABORS, OR MAKING NOTES...



I WAS FIFTY YEARS OF AGE WHEN THAT ENORMOUSLY IMPORTANT DAY CAME! I WAS AT LAST SATISFIED THAT WHAT SIX GENERATIONS HAD SACRIFICED AND STRIVED FOR WAS NOW COMPLETE! NOW WELL I RECALL THAT I WAS DRENCHED WITH SWEAT AS I REACHED INTO THE INCUBATOR...

IT CAME FORTH, BAWLING LIKE ANY NEWBORN INFANT... A PERFECT HUMAN CHILD, CREATED FROM RAW SLIME!



SUDDENLY A NEW PROBLEM AROSE...

THE FINAL PROOF THAT THIS CHILD IS A NORMAL HUMAN LIEB WITH THE FUTURE. CAN IT MARRY AND PRODUCE CHILDREN OF ITS OWN? HOW CAN I, A BACHELOR, BRING IT UP? NO, I MUST FIND A WAY

THE NEXT DAY I BROUGHT THE INFANT TO A HOSPITAL AT STUTTGART TO ASK A DOCTOR'S ADVICE, WHEN TWO NURSES UNWITTINGLY SOLVED MY DILEMMA.

I CAN'T REMOVE THE BABY'S BODY FROM THE NURSERY TILL I GET DR KOEHL'S ORDERS.

THE POOR MOTHER! SHE WANTED THAT CHILD SO BADLY

I EASILY LOCATED THE NURSERY AND THE DEAD INFANT. IT WAS BUT THE WORK OF A FEW MOMENTS TO SWITCH THE BABIES, TO PUT THE IDENTIFICATION BRACELET OF THE DEAD CHILD ON THE ARM OF THE LIVE FRANKENSTEIN CHILD

I JOTTED DOWN THE CHILD'S NEW NAME, WRAPPED THE DEAD INFANT IN A BLANKET AND LEFT THE HOSPITAL. I BURIED THE CHILD AS DECENTLY AS POSSIBLE, THEN RETURNED HOME. THAT NIGHT, I ADDED ONE MORE NOTE TO THE TIME-YELLOWED PAGES OF MY OLD NOTEBOOK.

AND SO I WRITE ITS NAME HERE, AND ASK THAT IT BE KEPT SECRET FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM THIS DATE

I CLOSED THE BLACK FOREST HOUSE AND MOVED TO THE CITY OF STUTTGART, THE BETTER TO OBSERVE THE GROWTH OF MY ANCESTOR'S DREAM CREATURE. FOR TWENTY YEARS I SECRETLY WATCHED, EAVESDROPPED, SPIED. NOT LONG AGO

I DID *NOT* FOLLOW YOU HERE, RIKER! FOR ME YOU DO NOT EXIST, EXCEPT WHEN YOU ARROY MY FIANCEE!

YOUR FIANCEE? THEN LOUISA HAS *ACCEPTED* YOU!

NO... NOT YET! BUT SHE WILL, TONIGHT! YOU'RE A FOOL, RIKER! YOU ARE RICH, BUT YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO MARRY INTO THE VON KOENING FAMILY WITH *YOUR* BACKGROUND!

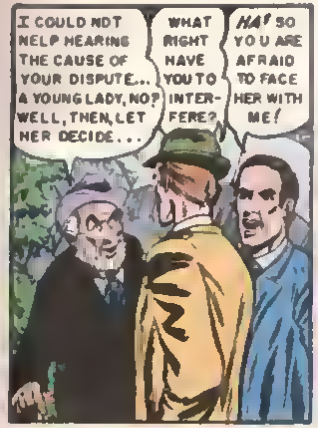
PFAH! I HARDLY THINK LOUISA IS QUITE THE *SNOB* THAT YOU ARE, HEINRICH GOEDL!

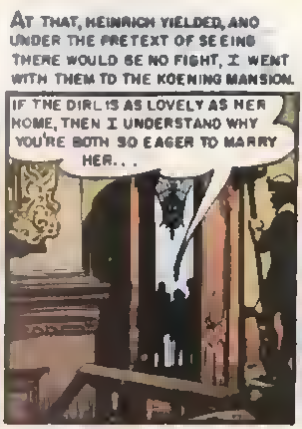
I STEPPED IN, THEN, CHUCKLING TO MYSELF, FOR ONLY I KNEW HOW IMPORTANT ONE OF THOSE YOUNG MEN WAS TO ME

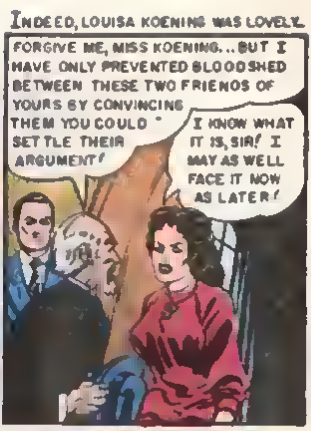
PFAH! YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A DIRTY SOCIAL CLIMBER!

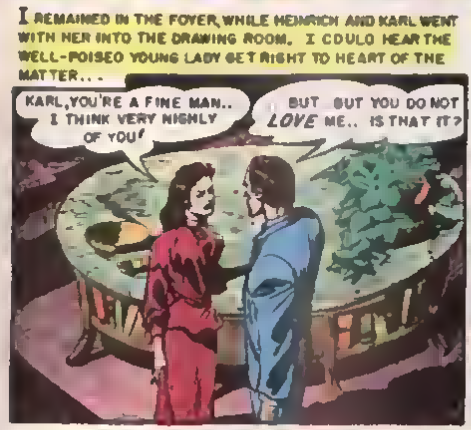
YOU SNOBBISH SWINE! SOMEDAY YOU'LL BET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!

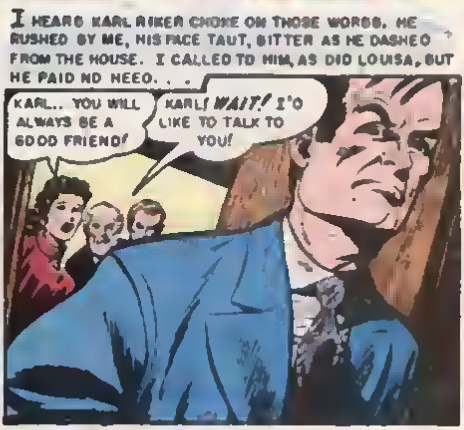
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! MAY I OFFER A SUGGESTION?

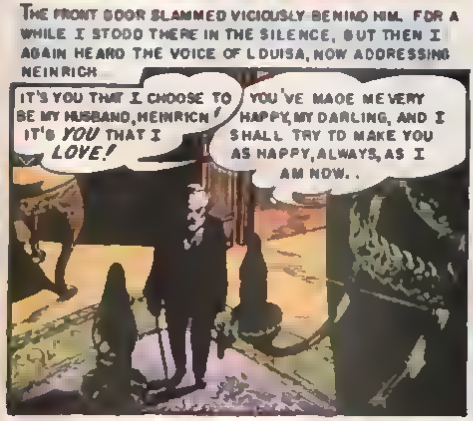

I COULD NOT HELP HEARING THE CAUSE OF YOUR DISPUTE... A YOUNG LADY, NO? WELL, THEN, LET HER DECIDE...
WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO INTERFERE?
HA! SO YOU ARE AFRAID TO FACE HER WITH ME!

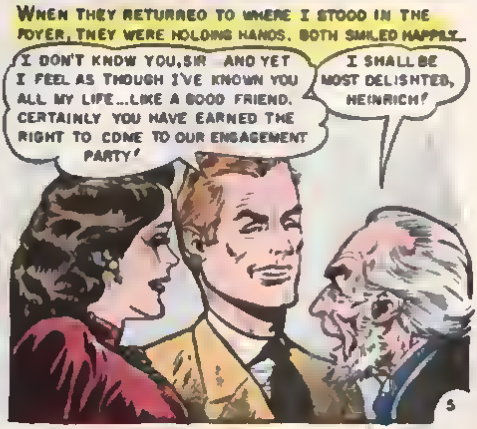

AT THAT, HEINRICH YIELDED, AND UNDER THE PRETEXT OF SEEING THERE WOULD BE NO FIGHT, I WENT WITH THEM TO THE KOENING MANSION.
IF THE DIRL IS AS LOVELY AS HER NOME, THEN I UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE BOTH SO EAGER TO MARRY HER...


INDEED, LOUISA KOENING WAS LOVELY.
FORGIVE ME, MISS KOENING... BUT I HAVE ONLY PREVENTED BLOODSHED BETWEEN THESE TWO FRIENDS OF YOURS BY CONVINCING THEM YOU COULD SETTLE THEIR ARGUMENT!
I KNOW WHAT IT IS, SIR! I MAY AS WELL FACE IT NOW AS LATER!


I REMAINED IN THE FOYER, WHILE HEINRICH AND KARL WENT WITH HER INTO THE DRAWING ROOM. I COULD HEAR THE WELL-POISED YOUNG LADY GET RIGHT TO HEART OF THE MATTER...
KARL, YOU'RE A FINE MAN.. I THINK VERY HIGHLY OF YOU!
BUT BUT YOU DO NOT LOVE ME.. IS THAT IT?


I HEARD KARL RIKER CHOKE ON THOSE WORDS. HE RUSHED BY ME, HIS FACE TAUT, BITTER AS HE DASHED FROM THE HOUSE. I CALLED TO HIM, AS DID LOUISA, BUT HE PAID NO HEED. . .
KARL... YOU WILL ALWAYS BE A GOOD FRIEND!
KARL! WAIT! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!


THE FRONT DOOR SLAMMED VICIOUSLY BEHIND HIM. FOR A WHILE I STOOD THERE IN THE SILENCE, BUT THEN I AGAIN HEARD THE VOICE OF LOUISA, NOW ADDRESSING HEINRICH
IT'S YOU THAT I CHOOSE TO BE MY HUSBAND, HEINRICH! IT'S YOU THAT I LOVE!
YOU'VE MADE ME VERY HAPPY, MY DARLING, AND I SHALL TRY TO MAKE YOU AS HAPPY, ALWAYS, AS I AM NOW..


WHEN THEY RETURNED TO WHERE I STOOD IN THE FOYER, THEY WERE HOLDING HANDS. BOTH SMILED HAPPILY.
I DON'T KNOW YOU, SIR AND YET I FEEL AS THOUGH I'VE KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE...LIKE A GOOD FRIEND. CERTAINLY YOU HAVE EARNED THE RIGHT TO COME TO OUR ENGAGEMENT PARTY!
I SHALL BE MOST DELIGHTED, HEINRICH!

AND SO I WAS THERE THE NEXT WEEK TO HEAR THE DUO ANNOUNCE THEIR ENGAGEMENT WHEN I MET LOUISA'S ARISTOCRATIC MOTHER AND THE FAMILY'S DISTINGUISHED FRIENDS, I REALIZED KARL WOULD NOT HAVE FIT IN...

I UNDERSTARD THAT YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FON THIS BREAT OCCASION, HERR FRANKENSTEIN!

OH, I THIRK YOUR DAUGHTER WOULD EVENTUALLY HAVE MADE THE SAME CHOICE! I'M GLAD TO BE ABLE TO SHARE A LITTLE OF THEIR HAPPINESS!

BUT THAT HAPPINESS WAS NOT TO BE LONG-LIVED A MOMENT LATER, KARL RIKER PUSHED HIS WAY IN! HE WAS DRUNK...AND ANGRY.

GET OUTTA MY WAY! LEMME IN!

WHA... IT'S KARL!

LOOK OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

KARL BURST THROUGH THE THRONG TO FACE HEINRICH AND LOUISA! WITH A PROFANE EXPLETIVE HE RAISED HIS GUN TO FIRE! HEINRICH LEAPED!

I'M GONNA KILL YOU, HEINRICH! YOU'LL NEVER MARRY LOUISA!

THE IMPACT OF HEINRICH'S BODY JOLTED KARL, DISTURBING HIS AIM AS THE GUN BLASTED...

OH!

LOUD, SHRILL SCREAMS AND HOARSE SHOUTS EMANATED FROM THE MASS OF CONFUSED, FRIGHTENED GUESTS! I SHOULDERED MY WAY THROUGH THEM TO FIND HEINRICH AND KARL BOTH STARING DUMBLY DOWN AT THE LIMP BODY OF LOUISA THAT RAPIDLY DETERIORATED INTO A GREENISH-BLACK BLOB OF VILE, STINKING DECAY! A HUNDRED, FIFTY YEARS WORK...*SHOT!*

HEE, HEE! GOING, GOING, *GUNK!* THAT'S ALL LOUISA WAS... *GOOEY, GOOEY GUNK!* KARL WASN'T CHARGED WITH *MURDER* 'CAUSE *NO* BODY COULD PROVE THERE WAS *ANY BODY!* HEE! HEINRICH WOUND UP IN A RUTHOUSE, AND EMIL FRANKENSTEIN IS IN A GRAVE ROW... AND THER GOOKEY GLOB OF GUNK! AS FOR ME, I'VE GOT TO BE *GUNK* NOW, SO I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN IN MY MAG, THE *HAUNT OF FEAR!* TILL THEN, AWAY WE GOO!

THE END

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Engineer's Discovery Stops it Quick

Without A Cent For Mechanical Repairs!

If your car is using too much oil—if it is sluggish, hard to start, slow on pickup, lacks pep and power—you are paying good money for oil that's burning up in your engine instead of providing lubrication. Why? Because your engine is leaking. Friction has worn a gap between pistons and cylinder wall. Oil is pumping up into the combustion chamber, fouling your motor with carbon. Gas is exploding down through this gap, going to waste.

SAVE $50 TO $150 REPAIR BILL

Before you spend $50.00 to $150.00 for an engine overhaul, read how you can fix that leaky engine yourself, in just a few minutes, without buying a single new part, without even taking your engine down. It's almost as easy as squeezing toothpaste or shaving cream out of a tube, thanks to the discovery of a new miracle substance called Power Seal. This revolutionary new compound combines the *lubricating* qualities of Moly, the "greasy" wonder metal, with the leak-sealing properties of Vermiculite, the mineral-product whose particles *expand* under heat. (Up to 50 times original size.)

Just squeeze Power-Seal out of the tube into your motor's cylinders through the spark plug openings. It will spread over pistons, piston rings and cylinder walls as your engine runs and it will PLATE every surface with a smooth, shiny, metallic film *that won't come off!* No amount of pressure can scrape it off. No amount of heat can break it down. It fills the cracks, scratches and scorings caused by engine wear. It closes the gap between worn piston rings and cylinders with an automatic self-expanding seal that stops oil pumping, stops gas blow-by and restores compression. No more piston slapping, no more engine knocks. You get more power, speed, mileage.

This genuine plating is self-lubricating too for Moly, the greasy metal lubricant, reduces friction as nothing else can! It is the only lubricant indestructible enough to be used in U. S. atomic energy plants and jet engines. It never drains down, never leaves your engine dry. Even after your car has been standing for weeks, even on coldest weather, you can start it in a flash, because the lubrication is in the metal itself. That's why you'll need amazingly little oil—you'll get hundreds, even thousands of more miles per quart.

TRY IT FREE!

You don't risk a penny. Prove to yourself that Power Seal will make your car run like new. Put it in your engine on 30 days' Free Trial. If you are not getting better performance out of your car than you thought possible—if you have not stopped oil burning and have not increased gas mileage—return the empty tube and get your money back in full.

Power-Seal is absolutely harmless, it cannot hurt the finest car in any way. It can only preserve and protect your motor.

RUDSON AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRIES
Dept. EC9 400 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

POWER SEAL MAKES WORN OUT TAXI ENGINE RUN LIKE NEW

Here are the Test Engineer's concerned figures, showing the sensational increase in compression obtained in a 1950 De Soto cab that had run for 95,000 miles. Just one POWER SEAL injection increased pep and power, reduced gas consumption, cut oil burning nearly 50%.

	Cyl. 1	Cyl. 2	Cyl. 3	Cyl. 4	Cyl. 5	Cyl. 6
BEFORE	90 lbs.	90 lbs.	105 lbs.	90 lbs.	80 lbs.	100 lbs.
AFTER	135 lbs.	135 lbs.	117 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.	115 lbs.

BEST INVESTMENT WE EVER MADE, SAYS DRIVER-OWNER

We simply inserted the POWER SEAL per instructions and made no other repairs or adjustments. Compression readings were taken before and after and showed a big improvement in both cars. As a result the engine gained a big more pick up and power which was especially noticeable on hills. What impressed us most was the sharp reduction in oil consumption. In one cab, we've actually been saving a quart a day and figure we have saved $42.50 on oil alone since the POWER SEAL was applied a month ago. In the other cab, oil consumption was cut practically in half. We have also been getting better gas mileage. All in all POWER SEAL turned out to be just about the best investment we ever made. It paid for itself in two weeks and has been saving money for us ever since, to say nothing of postponing the cost of major overhauls that would have run into real money. *Earl Two Dogs, Douglaston, N. Y.*

SEND NO MONEY!

Simply send the coupon and your Power-Seal injection will be sent to you at once C.O.D. plus postage and handling charges. Or, to save the postage and handling charges simply enclose full payment with the coupon. For 6 cylinder cars order the Regular Size, only $4.95. For 8-cylinder cars order the Jumbo Size, $7.95. Power Seal is now available only by mail from us. Send the coupon at once.

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400 Madison Ave., New York City 17, N.Y.

Please send me ..... tubes of the amazing new POWER SEAL.
☐ Regular Size for 6-cyl. cars, $4.95 ☐ Jumbo Size, for 8-cyl. cars, $7.95
On arrival I will pay the postman the price indicated above plus postage and delivery charges. I must see an immediate improvement in the pep and power of my car, less oil consumption, greater gas mileage, reduced engine noise, easier starting, faster pickup, within 30 days, or you will refund me full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....
☐ Save More! Send cash, check, or money order with coupon and we pay all postage charges. Same money back guarantee.

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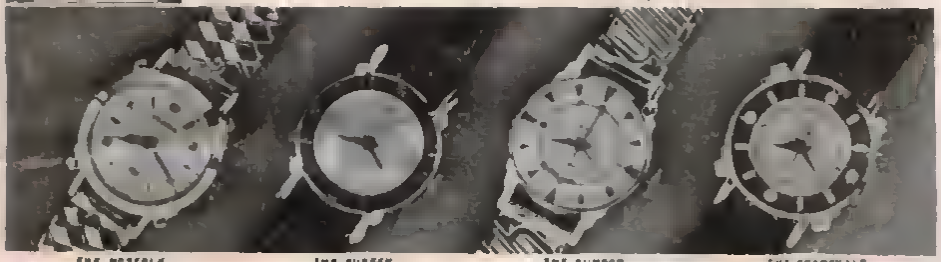
EACH ONE BACKED BY THORESEN'S FAMOUS GURANTEE!

We challenge you as you look for these wonderful timepieces—even if you went to Switzerland itself to buy them! Every one of these smart, distinctive 1944 creations was made in Switzerland—the country where watchmaking has become an art. AND a science! The thin modern cases are in the rich tones of Natural Gold. Note! —NOT lined gold plating. The Natural Gold Color is guaranteed NEVER to tarnish! Beautiful Period color dials and delicate Hands in Metal Beads and charm of distinction. Your Fashion-Mate styling. When you find one one . . . when you treat it yourself with radio time signals . . . when you proudly wear one of these stunning models, you'll agree IT'S THE BARGAIN OF A LIFETIME! If not . . . simply return your watch and receive your money—every last penny of it! Rush the FREE TRIAL COUPON today! Natural Gold exceptional timepieces are at NEW. They're bound to go fast! Shop the sensible way—DIRECT-FROM-IMPORTER and you save up to $11.97 on HOW watch! Rush the coupon at once!

THORESEN'S, Dept. 38-K-200
Watch Import Division, 382 Fourth Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



THE BRADALE
Rich looking Natural Gold color—with matching Metal-Flex band. Jeweled. Anti-magnetic. Strikingly different. Has styling. Natural Gold color numerals, hands. A superb dress watch and one designed to stand up under heavy work, breakdown use!

THE SURREY
Distinctive, color—with smooth engine turned Bezel. Ideal for hard ARE country wear! Sparkling ebony color numerals ARGUND and rim. Jeweled. Anti magnetic. Dress second hand. A watch for the man of discriminations!

THE DUNDEE
Expertly styled Natural Gold color—with smart Metal Flex, Natural Gold color Band jeweled. Anti-magnetic. Versatile-Shaped Dress second hand. This styling for latest wear; durably constructed for hard, every-day use. A truly fine man's watch!

THE SCARSDALE
Gleaming Natural Gold and Ebony color —with Metal Flex Band. Jeweled. Anti magnetic. Dress second hand. A fine contrast in a man's watches this thin, streamlined, Natural Gamp gives the appearance of a band more expensive. Handsome!

THE KAEGAN
An ideal watch for the active businessman! Rich 9Ct plate Natural Gold color —with dainty yet sturdy Nylon cord A watch strap, Lifetime back, numerals, Dress second hand. Jeweled. Anti magnetic. Feminine looking and long wearing!

THE CHIARCLIFF
Petite, yet and sturdy pretty! Natural Gold color—with handy matching band Dial, Natural Gold color hands and numerals. Dainty, white-stitched Black Suede band. Jeweled. Anti-magnetic. Dress second hand. A strikingly different watch design!

THE ARMORE
A exquisitely 9Ct color timepiece in Natural Gold tone with genuine black leather band. Loved this styling Natural Gold color hands, numerals & Dress second hand. Jeweled. Anti-magnetic. A surprising watch that may be worn with ease in day/time to evening!

THE BIRTHMONTH
Stunning Dress watch in Natural Gold tone—handsome Metal Flex with 2 Simulated Birthstones and its sparkling rhinestones! (Mention your birthmonth when ordering). Lustrous hands & numerals, Jeweled. Anti magnetic. Dress second hand. An expensive looking timepiece!

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These don't be confused by the THIN streamlined looks of these elegant timepieces. The movement is ruggedly constructed with JEWEL BEARINGS for greater resistance, greater accuracy, greater DEPENDABILITY! Every watch is SHOCK-PROOF ANTI MAGNETIC you is equipped with a UNBREAKABLE Mainspring. Recommended for sportsmen, home housewives, executives! No up-priced you can afford to give them to those over-active school kids too! You can if you yourself to rush the coupon now for a FREE HOME TRIAL! Don't miss this wonderful bargain!

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GENTLEMEN: Rush watch checked below on a 5 DAY HOME TRIAL. I will pay postman $7.98, plus postage on arrival—but I am TRYING . . . and buying, if I'm not satisfied with the value, you are to refund my $7.98—no if, and, or buts—no questions asked!

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- ☐ THE DUNDEE
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Ladies' Models
- ☐ THE KAEGAN
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- ☐ THE ARMORE
- ☐ THE BIRTHMONTH

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☐ SAVE MORE! Send three or money order for $7.50 with coupon and we pay all postage and insurance! Same MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

The Insult That Turned a "CHUMP" Into a CHAMP

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